Act. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto princely *Pericles*, but ſince my landing, I haue vnderſtood your Lord has betake himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, now meſſage muſt returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our maiſter not to vs, yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee deſire, as friends to *Antioch* wee may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* ſhall wee reſt vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills becauſe they doe aſpire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefs eyes,
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay hee wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famiſh?
Our toungs and ſorrowes to ſound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till toungs fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. Ile doe my beſt Syr.

Cleon. This *Tharſus* ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches ſtrew'de her ſelfe euen in her ſtreetes,

Whoſe